McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner.

E. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via B. N. Y. & P. R. R. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:15 p. m. and departs at 12:30 p. m.

Mail via B. R. & P. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and departs at 3:40 p. m. (Mail leaves at 9:00 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.)

Chermont Mail arrives at 12:15 p. m. and departs at 2:30 p. m.

Keating Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. and departs at 7:30 p. m. of same days.

Mail arrives from Smethport before leaving town.

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Office open every Sunday for the delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

M. A. SPEAR, P. M.

Lodges Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKEAN Lodge No. 366, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at Masonic Hall, Main st.

F. W. BROWNELL, W. M.
E. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge No. 109, meets every second, fourth and fifth Tuesday evening of each month, at Masonic Hall, Smethport.

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K. of H.

Regular K. of H. meetings on Thursday even in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Buckley Block.

H. L. BUCKLEY, Dictator.
H. L. BUCKLEY, Reporter.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at Buckley Hall.

W. J. GRANGER, N. G.
A. I. SHULTZABERGER, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at Buckley Block.

H. H. GREER, R. K. LEWIS RAMSDELL, Com.

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Methodist. Rev. Ralph W. Brown, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday, with Sabbath School immediately following morning service. Class Meeting at 12:30 p. m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Young People's meetings Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Class Meetings on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Baptist. C. H. Mitchell, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting directly after morning service. Covenant meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lords Supper every two months. All are welcome.

Episcopal. J. Higbee McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m. every Christmas day of each month. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic. Rev. J. Lavelle, pastor. Mass at 8 a. m. Services at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

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Judge of Election—L. F. Waller.
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Sheriff—A. F. Raymond, Smethport.
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Regular Term of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday in December.

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Lieutenant Governor—Wm. T. Davies.
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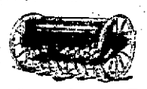

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Stockholders' Meeting.

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RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr Duran's house in Berkeley square is presided over by his aunt—a little, thin, wiry, kindly old lady, with corkscrew ringlets and a high, peaky nose. Her accomplishments are as old fashioned as her curls, but it is amazing how many she has of them. They are of the staid, eminently respectable order, all able to count their generations, and all "carriage people." Yet it might be admitted that sometimes Miss Duran pines for the young and frivolous, and would be glad to welcome them inside her nephew's doors—her doors as they might be called, so little does he interfere with her arrangements, and so seldom does he show himself between 12 a. m. and 11 p. m.

On this particular Wednesday quite a stir and bustle of the thick silken skirts take place, as Gerald Massareene, smiling and gay, enters Miss Duran's drawing room. There is, in spite of the debonair manner that distinguishes him, and induces all those old young men to look askance at him, and grow green with envy, and that causes the quite old men to wink and nudge each other, and call him "a sad dog"—an expression of anxiety that renders his kind eyes melancholy, and makes him a favorite at once with all the gentle, elderly women.

He is a fashionable looking young man, exquisitely dressed, and is, in fact, such a departure from Miss Duran's drawing room, that he creates an immense sensation, that is only to be surpassed by the entrance of a lovely young woman ten minutes afterward, who sweeps up to Miss Duran with the most charming smile in the world on her beautiful face.

"Dear Miss Duran," she says, slipping her little gray clad hand into that of the astonished spinster, "we have been wanting to come and see you for such a time—auntie and I—but there have been so many other tiresome engagements. And, after all it is better, is it not, to leave the best to the last?" this with a swift glance at Massareene that sets his heart a beating. Even now, we could not come together, there was some absurd crush somewhere, and we had promised to go, so I told auntie I wanted to see you even more than she did, so I packed her off to her afternoon and I came to mine."

Her low tremulous voice, her pretty smile, the gentle pressure of the little hand, all won Miss Duran's heartiest voice. She had met Millicent two or three times, but now she persuades herself that they have been good friends for many years. What a lovely creature! How nice of her to come to this dull old house just to see a stupid old maid! Dear, dear me, there were not many who would do that!

Meantime the "lovely creature" is taking her tea from Gerald Massareene's hands. Tea of an exquisite flavor and rich with country cream, sent up specially from the heart of Hampshire for Miss Duran's Wednesdays. Tea served in priceless old Crown Derby, before which the modern imitations might hold down their heads.

"Sugar!" asks Gerald in a society tone, and then, considerably lower, "my own darling."

"Sh!" says Miss Grey in return to this impassioned address, with a startling promptitude that is rather disparting.

In truth, having got here no matter how, and so acknowledged to Massareene that she has thought it worth her while to give up for his sake one of the most brilliant concerns of the season she is a little frightened, a little impatient and yet a good deal glad.

"Millicent," says Gerald, dropping into the chair near her, "that you have come at all is so much more than I dared hope for that I would now entreat you to let my joy continue by being kind to me for the short hour we may be together."

His tone is very sad, in spite of the joy he mentions. Old Miss Duran, looking kindly at the two young people who have descended into her modest and cast such a cloud of sunshine upon the dull, stately drawing room, reads as clearly as though it were all in print before her that this young man—the son of her dead cousin—is breaking his heart for love of the pretty, slender girl starring so solemnly into her tea cup and that the pretty girl is not altogether indifferent about it.

"Bless me! And I hear she is to be married to that nephew of Lucy Brandt's. Waldo, to judge by her face, I should say her heart is not in it! Poor young things! Probably they have entered into the bliss of the engagement. Cupid's darts have found a lodgment in their tender breasts!" says Miss Duran, in spite of the romantic indulged in flights of poetic fancy. How romantic! How full of pathos! That dear boy—why, I can see him through me away before my eyes. Quite a wreck he is becoming, though art and his tailor may try to delude me. Well, I must see what can be done. Gerald, my dear, do you think Miss Grey would like to see that painting of your uncle's—brother that inherits the west wing of the library? It is well worth a visit, I assure you, my dear Miss Grey. Do let Gerald persuade you to look at it. A masterpiece, I assure you. One of Lely's brightest efforts!"

"Come," says Gerald, in a low entreat, "come."

Millicent hesitates for a moment, and then, according to custom, is lost.

She rises, gives her cup to him to lay upon a table near, and with a bright study and glance directed to her hostess follows him out of the room.

Miss Duran's spirits have risen almost to high C as she counted. Mr Massareene believes him self wonderfully until the hall is passed and the library gained. Then, I regret to say, he considerably forgets himself. He throws honor to the winds, and taking Grant Boyle's fiance in his arms, presses her to his heart.

"Darling of my heart!" whispers he, with a sigh of passionate gladness.

At Miss Grey's conduct on this occasion I am also bound to express regret. Instead of the indignation she should have shown, she simply pushes him away from her with a very lenient hand, and laughs a little.

"Was there ever such a bad boy!" says she, standing back from him with palm extended to keep him off. "Are you totally without grace?"

"On the contrary, I am filled with it! I have gained—you."

"Gained?"

"Millicent, will you tell me now that I am nothing to you?"

"Certainly not; you are always, as I hope, my very good friend."

"I am not. I am your lover, or nothing!"

"It is not good for a woman to have two lovers."

"Call Boyle a lover? Pshaw!" says Mr Massareene with fine contempt. "Compare him with me, and where are you?"

"Why here!" says she, laughing. And then all at once her gayety comes to an end, and her face clouds. "Alas!" cries she, "what is to be the end of it all?"

"St. George's, Hanover square," returns he, with undiminished courage.

"Yes, with Grant as bride groom."

"With me, you mean. Sweetheart, why can you not break all these chains that bind you, and give yourself as your heart directs?"

Miss Grey has subsided into tears, and a big chair.

"If I only dare," sobs she from behind her handkerchief.

At this half admission Mr. Massareene's hope rises fortyfold.

"If you dared—what then?" he asks, kneeling beside her and possessing himself of one dainty hand.

"I might—learn—what happiness really means."

"With me, you mean?"

"Oh, Gerald!" whispers she; and then it is all over, and she is caught to his breast, and for a little while the world is forgotten by both.

Being the woman, she is the first to awake from the happy dream.

"It is madness!" she says lifting her head and gazing at him with tearful eyes.

"Not if you will trust to me. Not if you are sure of that you honestly love me. Speak to me, Millicent! Why do you turn your head away? You do love me?"

At this she lets her gaze return to his.

"I wish I had never seen you," she says with trembling lips.

"That is a hard speech, my darling."

"It is true, though. If I had never seen you, I might have been willing to conclude this contract with Granit. If I had never seen you, I could never have"——

"Go on."

"Loved you!"

She bows her head upon her hands and bursts into fresh tears.

Mr Massareene draws her head down upon his shoulder.

"Don't cry like that, Millicent," says he. "It will all come right in the end. Something tells me so." Something tells him quite the reverse; but he would not be the true lover he is if he could not strain a point to please his beloved. "What we have got to do now is to think what is the first, best step to be taken."

"The first, best step will mean ruin."

There is a touch of impatience in her tone. Although she loves him, it is hard for her to give up the gilded loaves and fishes of fashionable life.

"It will not," retorts he stoutly; "it will mean emancipation—if you have the pluck to go through with it."

"Oh! emancipation!" says she disdainfully, though she is glad of his resolute ness. "All you Irishmen are mad about freedom! One would think you were a land lenguer the way you speak!" I wonder you are not afraid to love one of the hated Saxons!"

"I am not afraid of anything except your strength of mind. You are mine now, but will you be mine an hour hence?"

"If I were a man," says Miss Grey reflectively, "I should not choose to fall in love with a woman upon whom I could place no dependence."

"If I were a woman," responds he promptly, "I should know better than to marry one man when I loved another."

"Well, but you are not a woman," says she triumphantly.

"Neither are you a man," replies he. "That squares our accounts. Sweetheart," reproaching her very gravely, "tell me at least that you will think seriously of my proposal."

"I am always thinking of it," returns she, sighing. "Oh! why are not you Grant?"

"The gods forbid!" says he piously. "I am a better man as I stand, though no doubt a poorer one. Well, however the wind blows I see a happier fellow to day than I—— Hope that you know me."

"I have a place too much confidence in that——"

"You will not deny the truth of it, however——"

"No, it is true. You are more to me, Gerald, than any man I ever have met—than any man I ever could——"

Her voice is choked with tears.

I will——

repli——

face——

Millicent——

grow——

for a——

"I——" she says, starting a little.

"Good by then for the present, darling," whispers he proudly. He draws her to him and looks down anxiously into her face. A quick pain seems hovering on his lips. At last he gives it words. "Do—do you ever kiss him?" asks he in a jerky, vehement way that speaks of suppressed agony.

"Never!" returns she almost as vehemently.

She flushes crimson. Massareene's arms tighten round her, and an expression of unspeakable relief flits across his face.

"I cannot tell you how much I have thought of that, how I have prayed upon me," he exclaims excitedly. "And after all, the torment I endured for my consolation! He kisses tenderly down upon her. "My love, you seem more to me now than ever!" His——ses, and an accent of scorn unmistakable runs through it. Evidently his thoughts are wandering to some one not present. "What sort of a fellow was Millicent?" says he, with a curl of his lip.

A faint cloud breaks through the sadness of Millicent's face.

"Would you have had him different then?" she asks with a slight return of her old vivacity.

"Different? Do you know," says he presently, "that I don't think I dislike him, look half as much as I did five minutes ago!" Then pressing his cheek to her—and speaking in a much lower tone, and rather shyly, "Millicent, will you be kinder to me than you are to him?"

"Have I not been kinder?" asks she, faintly.

"That kinder—kinder still!"

She lifts her face to his!

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Valworth sighs profoundly as she drops into a chair, and receives with a thankful smile her late but ever welcome cup of tea.

"Such a crush! Such an abnormal temperature! Talk of India!"

She sighs mildly, as all fat women sigh. The concert had indeed been overcrowded, as the diva was to sing.

"I hate the ultra fashionable concerts," says her sister-in-law, Mrs. Brand, who is feeling slightly fractious. "The others are nearly, if not quite, as good, and there is the advantage of finding one's self alive after them, but this afternoon! To look at the Duchess of Downshire was to guess the rest. Poor woman! she grew so flushed, so heavy, toward the end, that I wonder the chair didn't give way under her."

"Where is Millicent?" asks Lady Valworth, rather inconsequently.

"In her boudoir with Miss Roche." Mrs. Brand's tone is slightly sharp. "I asked Brown as I came in, and he told me so."

"How did she spend her day?"

"With some people rather out of my set, though in a specially good one—if a rather dull one—of their own. You remember the Durans—old Fanny Duran more particularly? She is keeping house for her nephew now."

"Maurice Duran, who lost his wife some years ago? A silly little woman with a temper, as I remember her. A daughter of Lord Ashborough's."

"Yes. The wife was insupportable to a degree. Well—he lives with his aunt now. And what on earth Millicent could see in Fanny Duran to make her miss to-day's concert is more than I can conceive; sometimes that girl worries me beyond belief."

"Well, I think it was very nice of her," returns Lady Valworth, pleasantly. "Few girls nowadays would give even a thought to an old woman like Fanny. Yes, it was kind of her."

She taps her spoon softly against the edge of her cup, and tells herself that this niece of hers—so soon to be her daughter-in-law—is indeed a treasure to be desired.

"I dare say you are right," she says. "And as to Nadine Roche, that little friend of hers, I have wanted to say a word to you about her for some time. She is such a sweet girl—so gentle, so thoroughly bred—but poor, you know. Her father, Gen. Roche, died suddenly, and there was no provision for the family—a very usual thing with military men—and so the poor child has to give lessons to eke out the slender income that she and her mother possess."

"A sad story—but hardly an uncommon one. You suggested that I could help her—that you wished to enlist my sympathies with regard to her, but as yet I hardly see how I can be of use. If money——"

"Oh! no. Nothing at all of that sort. But of late it has seemed to me that she is looking pale; and, now that the season is drawing to a close, and Millicent and I are to go to you to the park, I think it would be very good of you if you would ask the poor child there, too, if only to give her a breath of fresh air. She is looking really ill, it strikes me, and, if you could put her up for a bit, I know it would delight Millicent."

"Why, of course—of course," says kindly Lady Valworth. "Anything to please dear Millicent; and, besides, all you have said about Miss Roche quite interests me."

"She is well worth your interest," begins Mrs. Brand warmly, when footsteps on the landing outside check her. "Ah! here she comes, probably. Now you will be able to see for yourself what a remarkably charming creature she is."

The door, opening, admits the two girls. Millicent smiling, and a little mischievous perhaps, as a sort of armor against the scolding impending. Nadine calm and gentle as usual. Lady Valworth, as she takes her hand, holds it kindly, and gazes long into the girl's lovely face. Her blue eyes, innocent as a summer sky, her soft waving hair, the charm of her mobile mouth, all make a deep impression upon the mother of Granit Boyle.

"Mrs. Brand tells me you are looking pale, my dear," she begins, drawing the girl down upon the seat near her; "that London smoke has robbed you of all your pretty roses. I cannot speak from my own experience, of course, as this is the first time we have met, but it seems to me that a pretty child like you should not have such sorrowful eyes."

Nadine laughs a little, but the tears rise as she does so to the "sorrowful eyes."

"Are you strong—are you well?" goes on Lady Valworth, still keeping possession of the girl's hand.

"I think so. You are very good. To trouble yourself at all about me is very kind. And indeed there is nothing the matter with me—except—except that sometimes I feel a little tired."

"Tired. Ah! yes, I see. Well, there is a little scheme afloat about you. A tiny conspiracy, let me tell you! Have you ever heard of Valworth Park? Yes. It is a very pretty place, I will allow, and one calculated to bring back the blushes to pale cheeks," touching Nadine's face as she speaks. "Well! What do you think of our scheme? Will you like to come to me to the park for a week or two?"

"To go to the country—to see again the green fields—the trees—the flowers," he cries Nadine faintly.

"And more than that," laughs Lady Valworth gayly. "You shall not be left to the lambs for company. Millicent is coming to me, to—and a good many others. Some friends of yours, Mr. Duran and Isabelle Clytte, for example."

Where are the pale cheeks now, the languid lids? Gone. Dilated are the lids, and from beneath them two great, eager, sparkling eyes gleam forth.

"Oh, dear, my dear," chatters on her ladyship, pleased with the effect her announcement is having on the pretty child beside her, though she entirely misunderstands the pretty child's agitation. "I always have my house full in August, for many reasons. For one, the grouse, for another, because Capt. Boyle's birthday—my son, my dear, occurs in August, and I always give my big dance then." She smiles charmingly and pats Nadine's hand as though the mention of her handsome son is sweet to her. "So you see you will not be compelled to a——ney tete-a-tete with an old woman. You shall have youth to make you merry and take that tired look out of your pretty eyes. Though I regret my son will not be with us until the seventeenth, the evening of his birthday fete—just barely in time for it, in fact."

"He is going away?" murmurs Nadine, by way of making conversation, though, in truth, she hears little, and can think of nothing but that Maurice Duran is to be at the park at the time for which she has been invited. Can she accept the invitation? Dare she? Bo, oh! how good a thing it would be to be near him for a whole week—perhaps a fortnight!

"Yes," Lady Valworth is saying apropos her son "he is going abroad to Switzerland, he tells me, with some bachelor friends of his. Of course he has many friends. When you meet him," with a proud smile, "you will understand that. And so you will come, my dear? Millicent, I hear, will be inconsolable if you refuse."

"I—I should like it"—begins Nadine stammering and faltering, afraid to refuse afraid (far more afraid) to accept, that little struggle with her conscience not being yet ended.

"Then that's all right," declares Lady Valworth heartily mistaking her indecision for shyness. "Millicent, darling," calling to Miss Grey, who has just come off victorious in an encounter with her auntie, who has, at the close of it, found herself declaring, very much against her better judgment, that Gerald Massareene, for a pauper, is a wonderfully well regulated young man, and that, of course, there was no harm in Miss Grey's meeting him at Miss Duran's afternoons.

"So long as you remember you are engaged to your cousin," she winds up, desperately. Miss Grey shrugs her shoulders and nods acquiescence. The time is not yet ripe, she tells herself, for springing the entire truth upon her already too distressed aunt. As she finishes this remarkable sentence in her own mind she laughs and assures herself that the lessons in German have not been entirely wasted.

"Millicent, darling," calls Lady Valworth, and Millicent, starting slightly, turns to her. "your little friend here has promised to come to me on the fifth. That is the day on which you have decided, is it not?" looking at Mrs. Brand. "Of course, my dear," to Nadine, "it will be nicer and more comfortable for you to travel with Mrs. Brand."

"Of course," says Mrs. Brand, and so the discussion ends. Nadine's conscience, whether satisfied or not, is forbidden further interference. All management in the affair has been taken out of her hands.

She is feeling depressed and rather nervous. Rising, as Millicent comes toward her, she bids a soft but hasty adieu to Lady Valworth.

"So soon, Nadine?" says Mrs. Brand. "Why, Lady Valworth has not had time to grow accustomed even to your face yet. Could you not stay and dine? You so seldom come to us on an off day, one that is separate from your Germans, that I should like to keep you to-night."

"Yes, do stay, Nadine," entreats Millicent.

"You need not mind your gown," says Mrs. Brand. "There will be nobody but Capt. Boyle."

"Thank you. Not to-night. Mamma would be uneasy if she did not know what had kept me," returns Nadine, gently. She would another time have been delighted to stay, but now she longs only for the moment when she shall find herself alone, that she may think without interruption of this strange joy—this happiness half fear—that has been offered to her.

The entrance of other visitors checks further solicitations from Mrs. Brand and Millicent, and, pressing the latter's hand gently, she slips past her, and runs down the staircase into the hall.

The sound of some one whistling as she reaches it attracts her attention. Looking round, she sees a young man, with his back turned to her, bending over a letter under the center lamp. Her footstep, light always, had been unheard upon the carpet of the stairs, but now, as it reaches the marble beneath, a faint click makes itself known. The young man, turning sharply, looks at her. He is standing exactly beneath the lamp, so that his face is distinctly visible. It is Paul Annerley!

CHAPTER XV.

If the idea that he looked startled and turned pale on seeing her at first suggested itself to Nadine, it is speedily routed. Mr. Annerley, coming up to her, holds out his hand with quite a beaming smile.

"You! It is not one of your days, surely," he says.

His tone is crisp, abrupt; in another man it might be called flurried. A long, light overcoat covers him from his neck to his boots. Even though she cannot see the clothes beneath, some sudden fancy strikes Nadine that he is slightly en fete. This idea, too, however, is put to flight before it has time to harden on her brain.

"No. It is not one of my days, but"——

She is so astonished at seeing him here in Mrs. Brand's house, that she finds a difficulty in speaking quickly or freely.

"You are going," interrupts he, shortly, "so am I. Come."

He opens the hall door as he speaks, and motions to her to precede him. It is all done in a moment. If he had meant to get her out of the house with a speed that admitted of no delay, he could not have done it more promptly. Still devoured with surprise at his presence in Park Lane, Nadine forgets to comment upon this, even in her thoughts, until long afterward.

As they leave Mrs. Brand's house behind them Annerley's manner undergoes a change. It loses its briskness, and returns to its usual calm habit.

"But you—perhaps you did not want to come away so soon," says Nadine, in a low bewildered tone.

What could a city clerk want in Mrs. Brand's house at that hour?

"Yes; I was quite ready. My business was finished," returns he, steadily.

"Your business? Business with Mrs. Brand?"

"And very serious business! So serious that it is conducted as secretly as possible."

"It has to do with your—your—firm?" asks she, in an awed tone.

"With—my firm? Yes. I was sorry you met me here. It is of the utmost consequence that my comings and goings at that house should be kept dark."

He glances at her keenly as he speaks.

"You need not be afraid," says Nadine, quietly. "I shall say nothing of it. I shall not mention having met you. You may be at rest about that. But I confess I am amazed—astonished!"

"Come in here. It is a fine evening. A walk will do you good, and—I have something to say to you."

Entering the principal entrance to the park, they stroll together in silence—past the row, the drive, the last touches of harmony in the shape of Bloomsbury-ites and nursery maids, until they find themselves in a dell, out of the way spot, and eternally speaking, alone.

"Yes; I am more surprised than I can tell you," says Nadine again, pausing to look into his face. "To meet you there."

And it is secret business—I hope it means no harm to Millicent—Miss Grey?"

"None at all. I assure you." He laughs easily. "I shall not harm Miss Grey. My business, so far as she is concerned, will very soon be at an end."

"Then she is mixed up with it."

"Well, yes."

"Paul," says Nadine, leaning forward and speaking in a low tone, "I think I have guessed it. It—it has something to do with—her sapphires."

An extraordinary gleam flashes across Mr. Annerley's features. It is illuminatory, but brilliant. Fear, suspicion and something stronger still are blended in it. It may be that he is disconcerted at having his business with Mrs. Brand thus publicly put into words. To be discovered, no matter how innocent the offense, is disagreeable to most.

"You are not pleased that I have found it out?" suggests Nadine, timidly. "But do not let it distress you. I shall bury the knowledge in my heart. No one shall be the wiser for it."

"You will do well to do so," says Annerley, recovering himself with an effort. "You will take care also not to let it be known by word or glance that you met me to-night at Mrs. Brand's. Much depends upon your faithfulness in this matter."

"Then you have found a clew to the thief? You are on his track?" asks she, breathlessly.

"There is a clew." He pauses a moment, looking down into her eyes as though he would read her very soul. "Swear to me you will not mention having met me to-night," he says at last, in a low, vehement tone.

His intensity frightens her.

"There is no need for it. I have promised; but if you wish it, yes—I swear not to reveal our having met," she answers, nervously. "Was it this you wished to say to me, Paul?"

"This—and something else." But first he breaks off abruptly, and laying his hands upon her shoulders, turns her so he can see her better. "He has been gazing at her intently, and the extreme beauty of her flower like face, enhanced by the touch of timidity his stern voice and manner have brought into it, has set on fire the love that already burns brightly in his bosom. She is the one solitary thing on earth that he cares for—the one human creature he adores with a passion, wild, ungovernable, that sometimes from the very strength of it makes even him tremble. If he should lose her! The very idea makes the blood rush tumultuously to his head. And there is that to be said to her to-night that—But she will not fail him—she shall not!

"Nadine!" exclaims he, in a suppressed tone—low, vehement. "Tell me that you love me! I have loved you so well that I will not believe you have given me no return. All my heart—nay, my very soul, is yours to save or ruin, as you will. Is such devotion to go unrewarded? See! I am waiting—trembling before you as the veriest leaf that grows, lest your word fall me. Does not this touch you? Are you insensible, heartless? Well, then! if you cannot from your heart say that you love me, at least tell me that your heart is empty—that you are indifferent to all the world."

He waited breathlessly. But as the waiting lengthens a dark frown gathers on his brow, and a savage expression curves his lips. Nadine, faint, terrified, and still with that terrible numbness overpowering her, draws back a step or two and presses her hand convulsively against her face. Annerley, laying his hands upon her shoulders, gives her a violent shake. A low cry escapes her. This cry releases her from the nervous bondage in which she has been held.

"Speak, girl!" cries he roughly. "It is true you never yet told me that you love me. Am I now to learn that you have made that confession to another man?"——

"Oh! no! no!" The assurance falls from her with a fervor which he places to a wrong account. With a passionate thankfulness she feels herself that she can at least answer this last question with truth. To no man has she said, "I love you."

"Ah!" says Annerley, drawing a long breath of eager relief, "that is well for my rival had he existed."

There is such subdued ferocity in his tone that Nadine shivers.

"Be content," she says, calmly, "you have no rival. There is no one I can marry"——

"Except me. That is as it should be." He sighs heavily, and still regards her with a lowering brow. "Now for my news," he says.

"To-morrow. Will not to-morrow do?" asks she, faintly, feeling tired and overdone.

"To-morrow I shall probably be out of town. Yes," answering her glance of surprise, "I shall be abroad for a week or two—on business."

"The same business?" demands she, eagerly.

"You're a wonderful guesser," returns he. There is a vague suggestion of a sneer in his smile. "Before going, however, I want to tell you that a stroke of luck has at last fallen at my feet. To-day the—my—my chief sent for me and offered me a—a higher stool in the office, in fact."

He hesitated a good deal, and seems inde

McKean County Miner

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All communications should be addressed to

L. EDMEES,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., February 11, 1887

THE bill providing for an additional Law Judge for the 18th District was not reached in the Senate last week owing to the time that was consumed in disposing of the prohibition amendment. It passed second reading on Tuesday of this week and probably finally on Thursday.

IT is said that one of the Commissioners under the Inter State Commerce bill which was approved by the President on Friday last will be a Pennsylvanian. If a Democrat, Hon. Chas. L. Boyle of Uniontown will be the appointee if a Republican C. L. Magee of Pittsburgh will draw the prize.

THIS *Record* is about the most useless thing around the Legislature. It gives no information to anybody when they want it. What the people need is the publication of the laws in the newspapers of the State. Then they will know what laws are passed at the time of their passage. Now the pamphlet laws don't come till six months or a year after adjournment. Yet people are held accountable to laws of which they know nothing. It isn't right. Warren *Mail*.

JOSEPH B. BOGERT, postmaster of Wilkes Barre and editor of the *Evening Leader*, died at his home in that city on the 3d inst. He was well known in the politics of the State and was at one time chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He was the President of the State Editorial Association, retiring about two weeks ago. He was an able journalist, and a genial, amiable gentleman whose untimely death will be greatly regretted by his numerous friends throughout the State. He leaves a wife and two children.

A HORRIBLE railroad accident occurred at White River Junction Vt., on Saturday of last week, on the Vermont Central road. Four passenger coaches of the Montreal Express at 3.30 o'clock a. m., which were heavily freighted with pleasure seekers bound for the Montreal Winter Carnival were hurled from the edge of an open Howe bridge, 600 feet in length, while the train was running at full speed and were precipitated with the bridge itself down one of the wildest gorges of the Green Mountain State. Seventy feet the cars plunged down their shattered fragments resting on the icy surface of the White River. There they were burned to ashes, cremating some forty human beings, killing several more and seriously, if not fatally, burning and maiming a score of others.

THE greatest newspaper success of France, probably of the world is *Le Petit Journal*. It daily prints 925,000 copies and sells them all. It is believed that it is read by one third of the reading public of France. It is a cheap paper selling for a sou. Its advertising rates are very high some of its space bringing as much as twenty francs a line. It has a larger circulation than all the morning dailies of New York and London combined. The net profits of the concern last year exceeded $1,000,000. The great success of this journal may be attributed to its feuilletons or continued stories, of which each number contains two. It was the pioneer of the feuilleton idea. Its admirable system of advertising itself has also helped it. Among original contributors are Zola, Halevy, Sardou Daudet and others.

THE bill providing for the submission of a prohibition amendment to the Constitution was passed by the State Senate on Thursday of last week by a vote of 29 to 2. The Democrats declined to vote, and only two Republicans—Senator Reyburn of Philadelphia and Lipperman of Pittsburgh—voted against the measure. The reasons given by the Democrats for not voting were that the Republicans had decided to support the amendment in caucus and therefore it was an improper measure. A great many Democrats are very much disgusted at the position taken by their Senators. The Republicans are redeeming their pledge to the people and they can only fall for the lack of two or three votes in the House. They will probably have enough to pass the measure, but there are three Democrats in the house who are indebted to the Prohibitionists for their seats. If it should turn out that one of these votes were needed on whom would the responsibility of the failure rest?

WHY LONGER THAN ANYTHING?

The Philadelphia *Press* of a recent date, in discussing the Congressional Apportionment bill so far as the Philadelphia districts are concerned, says: "We shall hear our Democratic friends complain that 71,286 votes cast for Cleveland secure but one Democratic Congressman, while 101,288 votes given Blaine get five Republican members. Let them look at the situation and see what a gerrymander is necessary to make even one Democratic district. Of the thirty one wards in the city but eight are Democratic, and when seven of these, grouped together in one district, can only promise a Democratic majority of 3,000 it can easily be seen what would happen if an attempt were made to distribute them. They could not by any possibility be so disposed as to make two Democratic districts. If they were not put together as they are there would be six Republican districts." It closes by saying "It concedes everything possible to the party in providing a Democratic district." And why make any concession to a party which robs us by the most infamous frauds of not less than ten United States Senators twenty five members of the House and the electoral vote of seven States. The Republicans of the country are becoming very tired of these concessions.

SOMETHING OF A SNAKE.

Several weeks ago the Supreme Court of this State reversed the decision of the Jefferson county courts whereby the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad was permitted to own property in violation of the act of April 26, 1883, which forbid any corporation other than such as shall have been incorporated under the laws of this State from acquiring real estate within the Commonwealth unless especially authorized by the law. The Common wealth alleged that the Erie company had purchased mining property from Dr Early of Ridgway, subsequently buying the charter of the Northwestern Mining and Exchange Company to cover the purchase. The railroad company admitted owning the stock of the Exchange Company but denied Early's trusteeship in the property. In deciding in favor of the railroad company the Jefferson county court held that the Erie company having used a Pennsylvania charter, the lands were not escheat.

In reversing that decision, the Supreme Court says: "If we were prepared to concede that mere form is everything and substance nothing we might better appreciate the force of these reasons, but we are unwilling to admit that a transparent device deliberately planned and executed for the purpose of concealing the character of the transaction is entitled to much consideration in a court of justice. If either the organic or the statute law of the State can be successfully circumvented and evaded by any device however ingenious it may be there would be little or no protection to either. The points submitted by the Commonwealth were clearly warranted and should have been affirmed. The judgment is reversed and a new trial ordered."

In order to circumvent this decision a bill was introduced in the Senate a few days since by Senator Wolverton from days spent by in a decision of the A. V. R. R. Co. which reads as follows:

Be it enacted &c. That no alien or person of property the title to which is or may be held by or in the name of any corporation of this State, authorized by the charter or general law to hold the same shall be escheated to the Commonwealth nor shall in any judicial proceeding any inference of any relation of trust or agency arise by reason of the character or residence of the shareholders holding the whole or part of the capital stock of such corporation nor because the beneficial ownership of said property in whole or in part, is or has been in any person or persons corporation or corporations prohibited from holding the same where such ownership of stock or beneficial ownership was acquired or contracted for prior to the date of the act.

The Judiciary Committee were promptly requested to report the bill back for discouraging the use of gas for illuminating purposes. First reading of it. Senator Wolverton is a member of the committee but was absent when it was considered. Upon his return he moved to recommit the bill to the committee in order that the man who drafted it could have a hearing. The motion was agreed to.

LIMITING DIVORCES.

Representative Wherry of Cumberland county has introduced a bill which provides that no divorce from the bonds of matrimony shall be allowed or decreed except where adultery can be shown. The law governing divorces may be altogether too liberal in its provisions but there is one thing certain that to limit it to the crime of adultery would be doing a great wrong to the community at large. There are cases which warrant separation and divorce quite as much as adultery and because of which there should be no hesitancy about severing the marital relations. A few days ago a woman by the name of Nancy Jardine filed a bill for divorce in one of the courts of Philadelphia. The story of her sufferings from the hands of a brutal husband is enough to make one's blood boil to read it. No law should be passed which would deny her separation from the fiend who has maltreated her for the past seventeen years. She says they were married in 1870, and very soon after he commenced beating her until she finally left him. Afterwards she returned and remained with him, enduring his brutalities until August last when she again left him. The following August she returned to him because he was sick and requested her to come and nurse him. His actions however, again forced her to leave on the first of November. She says that on one occasion he followed her with an uplifted butcher knife threatening to cut her throat, that he bit her through the nose that he endeavored to explode a burning lamp over her head and pursued her with a kettle of scalding water, threatening to throw it over her that he seized her by the hair and beat her till the blood flowed from her wounds that he struck her on the head with a shoe that had an iron heel, cutting a wound that was open over two inches in length, that he broke her wrist, that he seized her by the shoulder, placing his knee on her back and wrenched her back so badly that she has never recovered from it that he has broken other of her bones, that he has remained away late at night and returning home under the influence of liquor, and locking her room treated her shamefully. Could there be any stronger case for granting a divorce than this wounds presents in her application? We think not.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

[From our own correspondent.

HARRISBURG, Feb 7.—While the Legislature the past week has not been lacking in work, there has been but little of local interest to the readers of the MINER.

Great interest has been, and is, felt in the fate of the prohibitory liquor amendment to the State Constitution, and the past week the debates on this subject in the Senate have shown that at least as far as the Republican party is concerned, the pledges made to the people last fall will be redeemed before the present Legislature adjourns. The discussion of the question on February 2d found the Democratic party solidly arrayed against the proposed amendment and by the introduction of a modified amendment with a confiscation clause tacked on, it was hoped to embarrass and jeopardize the Republican pledge when the question should be submitted to the people. Senator Schnatterly, Democrat, made a vigorous attack against what he called sumptuary legislation and condemned "caucus dictation" in the matter of voting for or against the proposed submission of this question "pure and simple prohibition," unhampered by any riders put on it by its opponents. The Senate however, promptly sat on the "compensation clause" by a rang ree vote, when Senator Hemminger, Democrat, wanted permission to add a clause that would permit everybody to have a distillery in the back yard and manufacture all the liquor desired but it could not be sold. It must be for home consumption only. He was especially concerned for his German constituency of Lehigh county who made home made wines and beer, because, as he said, the proposed amendment would shut down on this "and thus interfere with personal rights." But all the Senator's persuasive powers were unavailing to swerve the Republicans from the path that they themselves had marked out and when the measure finally reached that stage in the proceedings that a vote could be taken it resulted in a pronounced victory for plain, simple submission to the voters whether whiskey and malt liquors as a beverage or no whiskey, etc. The vote stood twenty eight Republicans and two Democrats for the plain proposition and thirteen Democrats and one Republican against it. This was on second reading. The following day the Senate passed it finally and sent it to the House of Representatives for concurrence. The vote stood twenty one for and two against it. All Republican votes, as the Democrats at a caucus held, resolved not to vote at all hence by *caucus* dictation remained silent. Thus the Republican senate has put itself squarely on record as ready to redeem its party's pledges, and I doubt not this reaches the eyes of the readers of the MINER the Governor will have affixed his signature to the proposition.

For a number of years attempts have been made to get an illuminated dial for the State House clock which is a remarkable time piece as on its four sides, as seen north, east and west, standard time Greenwich meridian Washington meridian and local time can be read and a further peculiarity of this ancient time recorders that the hands on the several dials often tiring of their monotonous and weary journeys around the circle will stop for hours any days at a time and for the purpose of allowing our people to witness these eccentric doings of our public clock an illuminated dial has been often proposed but the Appropriation Committee of the lower House was deaf to all appeals and so it might fall the old clock continues its erratic movements in the dark. The illuminated clock dial has on more than one occasion proved an important factor in the campaign for city members of the Legislature. The closed dial proposition sinks into insignificance however alongside of the enthusiasm made to the present Legislature to remove the unsightly scaffolding from the Capitol grounds. When Harrisburg was a country village and cows of all kinds were permitted to roam our streets, and were fed by the grass that flourished along the edges of the then fences was a necessity but since our city has grown to municipal proportions and cattle are never seen on our streets this reason has gone and its place should be filled by a simple plan which of course would cost a pile of money but it would add vastly to the appearance of our beautiful Capitol grounds. This proposition is now before our Legislature and may be before our Legislature and may be favorably considered if sufficient interest is manifested by our citizens. Treasurer Post is here in the interest of Philadelphia and Allegheny county are provided for.

During the past week the Democratic member from Wayne county who was never elected but sworn in when the session opened has concluded to give up his seat to the rightful owner a Republican who had a certificate of election for a contest of the place. Its a simple clerical error in the count. McCarty Democrat, the sitting member was given the certificate. A recount of ballots disclosed the error and hence the quiet withdrawal of the member who though given his seat, was never elected.

Now just a word as to our local politics. The Knights of Labor won first in the field with candidates a full ticket and endorsed the Democracy followed suit and endorsed the Knights of Labor. It is however hard to say what this ticket really means though all are Democrats many of them but they do not represent the dominant party in local politics and hence the party in power at this writing the city Government committee which is Myers personal and the dominant faction of the party will the discord not become mighty. Will the discord not be more of our local Democracy at caucuses of our local Democracy and elsewhere or will they all unite and stop their wangs in unison or is it a deep laid plot to knife Dr Critchfield for Mayor. All the signs however point to the election of the Republican nominee but the Democracy propose to have lots of fun among themselves while the campaign lasts.

As I close my letter the G. A. R. boys of the State are gathering in our city for their twenty first annual encampment which convenes at our Opera House February 8th. The boys will hold a public campfire in the Opera House Thursday evening and a grand good time is looked for.

ALCROFT.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb 5. The week's doings in Congress have been varied and interesting. There have been important debates on the object of coast defenses, ships, fortifications and guns that cannot be built in a day—Congressional funeral abuses have been attacked and defended, dry appropriation bills are always on the calendar and of both branches of Congress and the all important question of "What to do with the Treasury surplus" has not been neglected.

There was a talk in the Senate, a few days ago, during which Democratic pretenses of "economy" were exposed, and the alleged extravagance of the Senate disproved. The House loudly lauds itself these days for economy. The subject of the coast survey was up and the House was accused of an attempt to break up this work by crippling it with an insufficient appropriation.

Senator Allison confessed that he had been tempted many times since the Democratic Administration came into power to let the House have a chance of experimenting on its economy. The House made inadequate appropriations merely to be credited with the economy, knowing full well that the Senate would increase them so as to meet the necessary expense involved. Mr Allison explained, by a long list of figures, that the present Administration was no more economical than the former, and that the Senate had not, in former years, appropriated more than was necessary for the running expenses of the Government.

Senator Hawley of Conn., expressed great disappointment that the superintendent of the coast survey, for the first time in its history, was not a gentleman of high scientific attainments, in fact, was not a scientist at all. It was a most extraordinary departure from the uniform practice, and was a great administrative mistake. The office, with a $6,000 salary, is filled at present by a $1,600 Treasury clerk.

The bill to prevent the appointment of Congressional funerals at public expense, has been up in the House. Representative Hammond, of Georgia, thought it best to leave the old custom undisturbed. He did not believe the newspaper talk about improper conduct by funeral committees. He had never attended one, but he knew gentlemen who had, gentlemen of high tone, and incapable of misconduct on such occasions.

Congressman Oates, of Alabama, criticised the practice severely, declaring that it was not a mark of respect or of sincere sorrow. But for his respect for the Senate and House, he could mention some cases of misconduct on the part of members of Congress while accompanying the remains of a deceased colleague to its place of burial, when would shock the whole country.

Mr Allen, of Miss., who is nothing if not humorous said he had submitted some sensible remarks on this subject last session. These remarks had taken a deep hold on the country, and had so impressed his constituents that they had returned him to the Fiftieth Congress without opposition. "As soon as I reached home" added he "an old friend said 'John you were right about Congressional funerals. Tell Congress it need not bury you, you have plenty of friends here who will take pleasure in doing it.'"

It is useless to prophesy anything about the Inter State Commerce bill for before this can reach you, you will know whether the President has signed or vetoed it. Saturday evening is the limit of the time that he can legally act upon it. He has not yet taken up the so called "Dependent Pension bill which provides for needy veterans and dependent parents of deceased soldiers. He is receiving hundreds of protests against this measure.

People are wondering what has become of the Blair Educational bill. It is now at the mercy of the House committee on rules which is composed of three Democrats and two Republicans Messrs Reed Hiscock Carlisle Morrison, and Randall. These gentlemen have the right to report it back to the House for action at any time or to strangle it. The Republicans of the House are almost unanimously in favor of the bill but the Democrats are divided. It is much to say to say the people are watching both, for the measure has a strong hold upon them. Some have even predicted that it will be very difficult for a lawmaker who votes against the Blair bill ever to be elected President or re-elected to Congress.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale at public outcry in the Court House in Smethport, Pa.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 28, 1887,

at 1:00 o'clock p. m. the following several pieces of real estate:

1

The defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the township of Keating county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of the tract hereby conveyed at a post; thence north 1 degree west 160 perches to a post; thence south 89 degrees west 160 perches to a post; thence south 1 degree east 160 perches to a post; thence north 89 degrees east 160 perches to the place of beginning, containing 160 acres and allowances of six per cent for roads, etc. Also one frame dwelling house with large addition thereto, one frame barn and other outbuildings thereon erected, one never failing spring of water, choice fruit and other trees. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Wm Ryden at suit of Charles S Mackey and P. A. Meyer, trading as Marks & Meyer.

W. F. Watson, Pltff's Atty.

2

The defendant's interest in all that piece or parcel of land bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 240, thence north 160 perches to a stone, thence east fifty (50) perches to the southeast corner of lot No. 240, thence north one hundred and forty-six (146) perches to a post, thence east fifty (50) perches to a corner, thence south one hundred and forty-six (146) perches to the place of beginning. Containing 45½ acres, and being lot No. 237 of the Keating & Co allotment of lands in Annin township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, and part of warrant No. 2145. Improved.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Ira Stone at suit of William Keating now for use of Robert D Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and Julia Forrest.

John Forrest, Pltff's Atty.

6

The defendant's interest in all the following described real estate, to-wit: Being a lot of land situate in Keating township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at a post at the corner one (1) rod south of the centre of the State road near the Smethport depot of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad company, thence south along the line of Edward Kelley nine (9) rods to a post, thence west two (2) rods to a post, thence north nine (9) rods to a post, thence east two (2) rods to the place of beginning. Containing eighteen (18) square rods of land, more or less and having thereon erected one (1) two (2) story frame building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M N Allen at suit of W S McConnell & H L McCoy.

Barrett & Rose, Pltff's Attys.

7

The defendant's interest in all the piece or parcel of land lying and being in the township of Keating county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner on the town road; thence west along the line between Edward J Wright and the estate of Thaxter Harris, deceased, ninety-six and six tenths (96 6-10) rods to a post corner; thence south twenty two rods to a post corner; thence east along said road four rods; thence south along said road forty-four rods to a post corner; thence east along said road two rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre, be the same more or less. Being the same land described in deed from Edward J Wright to J C Commons, recorded in Deed Book "I" page 197, &c. March 30th, 1873. Improved.

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A B Tubbs at suit of W H. Gallup use of William Haskell.

Morrison & Apple, Pltff's Attys.

8

The defendant's interest in all the following real estate, to-wit: situate in the borough of Lafayette county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the east by Main street of said borough on the west by Barden Brook and lands of the F. Barden estate and on the east and north by lands of the F. Barden estate, and having thereon erected a two (2) story frame dwelling house, about 20x30 feet, one (1) chicken coop and park, and one (1) outbuilding.

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Wm Decker at suit of R. W. Edis.

1

The defendant's interest in all the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain premises or parcel of land situate in Keating township, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north bank of Kinzua Creek, thence north one hundred and sixty (160) perches to a post, thence east one hundred and sixty (160) perches to a post corner, thence south one hundred and sixty (160) perches to a post corner on the bank of Kinzua Creek, thence up the creek by the several courses thereof to the place of beginning containing one hundred and one acres and the usual allowance of six per cent for roads, etc. Improved. Also one frame dwelling house with large addition thereto, one frame barn and other outbuildings thereon erected, one never failing spring of water, choice fruit and other trees. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ira Stone at suit of William Keating now for use of Robert D Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and Julia Forrest.

John Forrest, Pltff's Atty.

3

The defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, in the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bound and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Jefferson street at the northeast corner of lot formerly of J W Powell now of —Cook, thence northerly along said Jefferson street thirty-nine (39) feet and two (2) inches, then easterly one hundred (100) feet to said Jefferson street thirty nine (39) feet two (2) inches to place of beginning. Being lot No 54 on plan of lots as surveyed by John Weeks for Charles Newell, and which was formerly a portion of the Ruby King-bury farm, and the said lot is hereby sold subject to a lease for oil purposes given by Lulu K Ogsbury to A. E. Fay, for the rental of which is reserved to said Lessor, the rental of which is reserved to said Lessor, the said A. E. Fay, the same being the same lot of ground Lessor, the said A. E. Fay, well and wife, to said H. S. Powell by deed dated February 14 last, and having thereon erected a one (1) story frame dwelling house.

Seized taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of H. S. Powell and J. W. Powell at suit of E. W. Powell.

J. H. Osmer, Pltff's Atty.

4

The defendant's interest in all that certain tract or piece of land in McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, in warrants No. 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188,

McKean County Miner

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Smethport, Pa., February 11 1887

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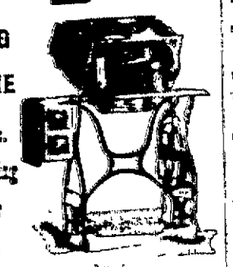

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LEGAL.

Auditors' Report

OF THE

FINANCES

OF

McKEAN COUNTY,

TOGETHER WITH

COMMISSIONERS' STATEMENT

FOR 1886.

[illegible] Motion the report of [illegible] and submit to [illegible] Court, [illegible] day and year [illegible] of said County, for the year [illegible]

COUNTY FUND.

Cr.

To am't charged treasurer by auditor [illegible] $13,564 02
To am't charged treasurer by county commissioners 4,174 24
To am't paid for [illegible] collected, acct 1886 and prior 385 19
To am't seated county tax collected acct 1882, '83, '84, '85 and '86 24,794 25
To am't unseated county tax collected, acct 1884 and 1885 24,264 85
To am't unseated county tax collected, acct 1882, '83 and '84 1,532 52
To am't [illegible] collected, acct 1886 [illegible] 10 73
To am't fines received of A F Bannon, sheriff 340 00
To am't jury fees rec'd of A F Bannon, sheriff 264 50
To am't transferred from [illegible] fund 130 00 70,540 61

Dr.

By orders paid and cancelled, acct 1886 [illegible] 3 28
By orders paid and cancelled, acct 1885 [illegible] 44 [illegible]
By orders paid and cancelled, acct 1884 [illegible] 1,700 00
By county bonds paid and cancelled 21,700 00
By interest on county bonds 750 00
By county school superintendent's salary and expenses 1,135 [illegible]
By commissions on $70,540 61 at 1 per cent 705 40
Balance due fund 2,135 43 31,435 83

BRIDGE FUND

Dr.

To am't due last auditors' report 1 40 87
To am't received from [illegible] 1 [illegible]
To am't charged treasurer by county commissioners 2,500 00
To am't received from [illegible] 1 [illegible]
To am't received from [illegible] 1 [illegible]
To am't received from [illegible] 1 [illegible]